

**The most Wonderful and pleasaunt
History of Titus and Gisippus,
whereby is fully declared the
figure of perfect friendship,
drawen into English
metre.**

By
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Anno. 1562.

Aristorell.

Frendshyppe is a vertue, For all men to take holde, Frendshyppe ioyned with vertue, Passeth syluer and golde.	Aristo,
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As fyre and heate Are in seperable alwaye So are the hartes of frendes From daye to daye,	Seneca,
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• To save our hearts —
• none may ye hurt —
• no payne to please —
• wylle & refuse —

There was in the city of Rome,
A noble man hight fulnius:
A Senatour of great wisdom,
One of the chiefest the truth is thus.
He had a sonne named Titus,
An apter child could not be found,
(As witty men did their discus)
For learning, going on the ground.

Fulnius lone did so abound,
To Titus for his native grace:
That to athenes he sent him rounde,
Because he should learninge embrace.
Wherof Athenes was the best place.
With one Chymes, Titus did host,
Who had a sonne so like of face
To Titus that Chymes am...

Knew not his sonne, his marke was lost:
For their statures and age were one,
Their garmentes both a like did cost,
On all the earth lo there were none:
So like of beautye blood and bone.
Cysippus hight Chymes sonnes name:
Together still wolde they haue gone,
To scole, to meales, to play or game.

Their willes & wits both, like did frame,
In one doctryne they did delite,
What one did tene, the very same,
The other loued with all his might,

In learning they were lustly pight,
For per that they much time did spende,
In Athenes was not manie a wight,
Would in learning with them contends.

At last when God by deeth did sende,
For Chremes, in his auntient age,
Cysippus goodes was without ende,
He was of noble parentage,
And eke a propre personage:
Wherfore his frendes did him allure,
And stil prouoke to mariage,
Saying thereby you may be sure.

Your progenie shall long endure,
To your great honour and comfort,
Thus daily they did him procure.
But Cysippus (for to be short,)
To their counsell would be not resort:
For he was wedded to studie,
Philosophy was all his sport,
Except Titus, his frende onelie:

Whom he so loued, that (well nise)
For other thinges he did not care.
Titus also (a good cause whye)
Would for Cysippus his life spare,
Suche frendship hath bene sene but rare.
Cysippus fearinge that a wife,
Should cause their frendship sone to ware,
Whiche he had leuer lose his life.

Then

Then with his friend to fall at strife:
Fearing lest through marriage all o,
Which caused him to be pensife,
Philosophie he should forgoe,
(And leaue his scole alas for wo)
Which thoughts made him for to abstaine
As much as in him lay to doe,
His kinsemens aduise to refraine.

But yet they did him so constrain,
By calling on so importaunt,
That nedes he must (though to his paine
Being they cried incessaunt)
To all their requestes throughlie graunt:
Titus also did him desire,
That he would not be repugnaunt,
But doe as they did him require.

O: els said he their seruient ire,
Against you alway shalbe bent,
As furious as the fretting fire:
Therefore it is expedient,
(Deare friende Cysippus) to content
Your selfe: and set your hart at rest,
Choose you a wyfe by mine assent,
Euen such a one as you like best.

Cysippus with this meke request,
To his friend Titus did agree:
What nede much talke to be exprest,
His friendes a maiden did forsee,

No meter match they thought mought be
Then she, for such a worthy wight,
In beautye bright, peareles was she,
Sophronia this mayden hight.

When they and her frendes had full right
The couenaunt of this marriage knitte,
Cysippus then to haue the sight
Of this lady they thought it fitt,
And saide also, that best were it,
For him, this mayden to beholde,
Whom when he saue in shape and wit,
Like him, his loyes could not be tolde.

He lou'd her so that oft he woulde
Resort vnto her secretlye,
Leaving Titus his lover olde
Behinde, applying his studie.
Yet at the last he did descrye,
himselfe, and told Titus his minde.
How that her gentle courtesye.
And beautye cleare, had him enclinde.

So on a time he had assinde,
To haue his frende Titus with him,
To se Sophronia so kinde,
Which to Cysippus semed trim,
And as well shapt in euery lim.
When Titus came in her presence,
His will aboue his witt did swim.

To se her good entelligence.

And how at their engredience,
She did Cissippus entertaine,
With courtesye and reuerence.
With rare and sober talke righte plaine,
So well placed and not in baine,
The swete and pleasaunt countenaunce,
That in her visage did remaine,
With louelye looks and temperaunce.

So that he fell into a traunce,
Beholding of her swete visage.
And soze abashed at the chaunce,
That frendshippe could it not asswage,
For yet Philosophy the rage:
Of picking with blinde Cupides dart,
For in beholding her image,
Her beautye perced him to the heart.

But yet he shewed not his smart,
Till they to their lodgings were gone:
Then Titus dzele himselfe apart,
His miserie for to bemone:
And when he was himselfe alone,
Vpon a bed there downe he lay,
For other helpe he loked none,
But onely death his care to stay.

Ther cursed be the time and daye,
That he into this world was bozne,

A. lill.

2

The com-
plaininge
of Titus.
Rhinos is
a certaine
beast in
the coun-
treise of
India ha-
vinge a
sharpe
horne gro-
yving out
of the nos-
trilles of
his nose,
and an o-
ther in his
neck, this
beast is as
big as an
Elephant
and is na-
rurally an
enemye to
the Ele-
phant.

O deeth saide he, fetch me away,
would god I were with tirantes tozne,
O that Rhynos with his sharpe hozne,
Would rid me of my miserpe:
Oh cursid Titus and foxlozne,
Why swaruest thou so soze alwyp.

Oh traytour Titus well woorthy,
For thy treason to Gysippus,
A miserable death to dye.
Thus wept and wayled pooze Titus.
No man in the cause that coulde descus,
For whereof his care did depende,
But alwayes Titus would say thus,
Would god my life were at an ende,

With that the salt teares would descend,
Downe by his chekes like flouds of raine.
The depe sightes fro his hart wold wend,
Which well declared his moztall paine.
But at the last for to be plaine,
For lacke of slepe and sustinaunce,
Hoe seblenes did him constrayne,
So kepe his bed this was his chaunce.

He was so hurt with Cupides launce,
That nought his paines mought pacifie.
When Gysippus (to his grenaunce)
Hearde that Tytus was like to dye,
He ran in all hast by and by,
God knoweth with a wofull heart,

But

But yet he looked cherefullie,
To comfort him as was his part.

But when he saw the colour swart,
Which had bene like the ruddye rose,
Titus said he, where cometh your smart,
Deare frende to me se you disclose.
And though that I do spende and lose,
My goodes and landes your care to slake,
My life from me will I depole,
Deare Titus for your onely sake.

Then Titus as his hart had brake,
The teares afresh he did renue.
Which made Gissippus heart to ake,
Seeing more doloure still ensue.
Deare friend said he no more rescue,
For hide your mortall paines from me:
But shew that I may them subdue,
If any helpe for you may be.

Thus wise Titus constrained he,
Which all blushing and ashamed,
Talking with great difficultie,
Shamefastly holding downe his hed.
My most deare louing friend he sed,
Withdrowe youre gentle courtesie,
Let no more teares for me be shed,
But slay me rather where I lye.

The wordes of Titus to Gissippus.

Or otherwise on me hardlie,

Take

Take vengeance most wretched villaine
And of all other most woorthy,
I am to suffer death and paine,
For wheras God of nature plaine,
In one likenes hath both vs made,
So had he trapped in one traine,
Our wils that we in weale should wade.

So that the like recourse and trade,
Of conoord that hath bene betwene
As two, ye and so stedfast ye layde,
I do suppose hath neuer bene,
The like in louers ever sene:
Yet notwithstanding all this loue,
This faith this truste is wasted cleane,
A womans looke hath gone aboue.

Alas what wicked spright did moue,
Your minde to bring me in presence,
Of her whom ye (as I can proue)
Beholding beawtye and prudence,
Could not with hold by no defence,
Your minde from rauishing with luste,
Alas where was your sapience,
That you in such thinges wold me trust.

Will you not that our mindes were iust?
For gat ye quight our like nature,
Which thinge ye ought to haue discusse:
This is the cause I you ensure

Of this mischiese that I endure.
Your truste haue trapt me in the rayes,
That issue from her eyen demure,
Remembꝛing eke her vertuous layes.

Which perceith my heart a thousand waies
So that of all thinges I desire,
Sharpe death to end my dolefull dayes,
Confusion eke to be my hire.
Sith I agairst you did conspire,
Such treason so vn naturall:
Desiring so iustlye your ire,
Shame and reproche perpetuall.

Unworthy am I for to call
Or say Cissippus is my frende,
Sith frendshippe in me is so small,
With those wordes Titus made & ende,
The sighes that from his heart did wend
So heauie were and so profounde,
The teares from his eyes descend,
As he to salt dꝛapes mought redounde

Cissippus then with cherefull sound,
And with a louely countenaunce,
Not raginge rashlye in that stounde,
Although he sorowed at the chaunce:
But with a frendly affiaunce.
Embracinge him and soethlye saide,
Why Titus is this your greuaunce,

The an-
swere of
Cissippus
to Titus.

That

What you so long from me haue stayed;

**I haue (it can not be denyed)
Offended as I here confesse,
In that whiche you did me enbrayde,
I acknowledge my folishnesse.
Deare frende Titus, ye are faultlesse,
For truth it is that I forgate,
(In some wordes briefly to expresse,
The vultpe of oure affate.**

**For what I loue you do not hate,
But loue it in as high degree:
Our constellation oꝛ fate
Is one, I knowe it so to be.
Therefore the fault lyes all in mee,
(No man the contrarie can proue,
Sith that I caused you to see,
Sophronia whom I do loue.)**

**Sith that ye haue so stoutlye stroue,
Against the powre of Cupides might,
Which hath so many nobles droue,
And laine them quite in his dispyght:
Thinke you (deare frend) my wit so light,
That I knowe not how that verus,
Will woud those, against whom she fight,
With deadly dent: yes yes Titus.**

**Haue ye not well stroue that haue thus,
Resisted**

Resisted suche a great Goddess,
Almost to death for Cyllippus?
Was not this very noblenes?
What friendship could you more expresse,
Then to withstand such violence?
Am I so vertuous to distresse,
Or stoppe the heauenly influence.

Preordinate by prouidence,
Diuine: what were (if I so thought)
My time of longe and large expence,
What were my learning dearlic bought,
Or yet the wisdom I haue sought?
In dede Titus I loued the maide,
As much as any wise man mought,
And had my harte vnto her stayde.

I was of her better apaid.
Then of all my treasure and land,
But yet what though, what may be said,
With that your loue (I vnderstand)
Doth farre surmount if it were scand,
A boue the compasse of nature?
I knowe you can not slake the band
Of venus, it is knitte so sure.

What shal I iudge, a mind vnpure,
That you do this of wanton lust:
Say Titus I will not procure,
Such thynges against you so vniust,

Deare

Deare friend in this you may me trust,
For how shoulde I of right contend,
Except that good reason should rust,
And soo oure friendship come to an end:

With that we neuer yet did spende,
One woꝛde in malice daye noꝛ night:
So to be still else god defende,
And bringe the error sone to light.
Nay nay Titus I haue done righte,
The pꝛouidence of god onelye,
Hath wrought this thing with his great
That she shuld be your owne lady (might

For such loue entreteth not but by,
A disposicion diuine,
Into a wise mans memoꝛye:
I can it no wayes els define.
Whereat if I should now repine,
I shoulde seme stout and obstinate,
Against that god doth determine,
And rightes from you to seperate.

Which neuer shall early noꝛ late,
Be found in me therefore I say,
Deare friend Titus and loving mate,
Let not this chaunce your mind dismay.
Put sorrow from you quight awaye,
Reioyce now and no moꝛe be sad,
Let not this too your welth decay,

Foꝛ certeinely I am right glad

**That such a wyfe is to be had,
And that it is my chaunce to find,
Her, with whom your life may be lad,
In ioy accordyng to your minde,
Wherby you maye encrease your kinde,
To the comfozte of your lignage,
I haue to you my right resinde,
Of her: therfore your old courage.**

**Take vnto you and your visage
all to be wept, wash it right cleane,
Foꝛ now the daye of oure mariage
approbeth nigh, therfore sum meane,
Let vs (this time and that betwene)
Deuise, how that you may attaine,
Your whole desires which haue bene,
The onely patron of your paine.**

**Marke wel, this is mine aduise plaine,
You knowe well that our shape is so,
That in like garmentes of vs twaine,
Few men do scant know who is who,
Although that we together go.
Much les a part and liklye dight
Shall they desearne ech of vs two,
And byrselfe of vs iudge the right.**

Also ye know that vntill night,

**In thole
dayes not
withstand-
ing anie
ceremony
done at
the
church,
the mar-
riage was
not con-
firmed vn-
till night
that the
husband
had put a
ringe on
the brides
finger, and
lofed the
girdle
of hir vir-
ginitie, A
ech of the
promisyd
loyalte
one to
another.**

The

The marriage is not confirmed,
That they their troathes haue playnlye
And that a ring there prepared, (plight,
On her finger be fastened,
Her girdle then must be vntide,
And then may they two go to bed,
And perfourme the partes of a byde.

This meanes for you I will prouide:
Till that day be past and gone,
In some close place you shall abide,
Beinge prepared for you alone.
When night is come seately anone.
To her chamber your self conuey,
Of maides nor wifes there is not one,
that for our shap shall you be way.

Then quickely do your selfe vnray,
And vnto bed, bouldly prepare,
Your ring on her finger assay.
Lose her girdle and do not spare,
But yet be circumspect and ware,
That no sonde thing in you appeare,
Whereby you may augment your care,
Now friend Titus be of good cheare.

Let no thinges be for you to deare,
Take good refections and solace,
For to amend your lothlye leare,
Your wan and pale coloured face,
That it be not in any cace,

The cause of your discovering.
I knowe within this litle space,
That you your pourpose thus hauinge.

My frendes will bate me and thinking
Me to disgrace my familie.
But let god worck I care nothing,
Though I be had in obloquye,
Encreasing your felicity.
At those wordes Titus then began
To mone, as on my fantasie,
He though Cylippus spake not that

But thought he did a vision scan,
As one adzemed in a slepe,
Lay still as an abashed man.
But when he saue Cylippus wepe,
And teares by his chekes down did stepe,
Percepuinge loue in explicable:
He gaue him thanks wth groninges depe,
For his kindnesse incomperable.

And said it were more reasonable,
That such vnkinde wretches as I,
Should perish with some death notable,
Then that you should sustaine thereby,
Any reproche or insurie.
Eftsoone Cylippus did protest:
And kissed Titus louingly,
Saying deare friend be you at rest.

For loke what thinges I hane profest,
Faine would I haue accomplished,
And thereto will I do my best,
At those wordes Titus perceaned,
That his frendshipe was not fained,
And starte vp then as one not sicke,
But from sleape he had waked,
his blood resorted swim what quicke.

For good rates then he did not sticke,
But toke thinges his health to restore,
So that shortely he ward tricke,
In figure as he was before,
To health was turned all his soze,
Shorte tale to make, the marriage due,
The widdinge webes, Cysippus woze,
Of costly coloured, cloth of hue.

And did as vnto him was due,
His frendes he accompanied,
The damoiseles house they did cuse,
Where they were sorowfully feasted.
Cysippus was entertayned,
So louingly of his fayre maide,
That all the people there prailed,
To se that sight were well apayde.

And ech vnto his seloto saide,
(praising the vertue and beautye,
Wherewith those parsons were araide.

And

And eke their gentle courtesie)
That neuer erst they could espye,
Their vertues rare, so excellent,
In anye creatures saue onelpe,
Whose two which then were there present

What nede much talke for to be spent,
The wedding day away did passe.
Their frendes also, away they went,
The byde eke as the custome was,
Was brought with many a lonely las,
To a chamber most freshlye dight,
Cylippus then returned as,
He tould Titus he would that night.

Then Titus he slept in full light,
Anon to bed he did prepare,
The maide asone eke as she might,
Lay downe by Titus naked bare,
Not knowing of the subtyll stare,
But thought it had bene Cylippus,
Then Titus ending all his care,
Demaunded of her saying thus.

Sophronia floure of Venus,
Do you loue me and not disdayne,
That in this bargayne betwene vs,
I shall your husband styll remaine?
In belth and welth, in ioy and payne?
Wherewith she smiled all blushing,

Her maydenhode lyke to refrayne,
With eyes half laughing, half murning.

To his requestes she affirminge,
Eftsoone he asked her also,
If that she wolde receyue his ringe,
Anone she dyd consent theretoe,
Her girldoe then he dyd vndoe,
His ringe he put vpon her bande,
What elles he dyd, non, but they twoe
knewe that, yet this I vnderstande.

That all the treasure in the lande,
Could not haue pleased him half so well,
As dyd the lousinge of the bande,
Whiche made him suffre paines of hell.
When morzow came, the truth to tell.
Cissippus thought expedient.
That people know what had befell.
Wherefoze bye his owne appointment.

For all the noble men he sent,
Home to his place of habitation,
Where Titus came for this entent,
To breake his mynde with an oration,
And after their good recreation,
He sayd to them, my deare frendes all,
Ye nobles of this famous nation,
A wondrous thinge declare I shall.

The ora-
cion of
Titus to
the Athe-
nians.

What is in Athenes now befall,

To youre perpetuall pick and prayse,
Of loue, whose power is misticall,
Wherefore he ought to take alwayse,
Great comfort sith in those your dayse,
Such loue amonge you both remaine,
As hath bene seene in no countrayse,
So well approuid with ease and payne.

For what more prayse is their certayne,
Then constance and beneuolence,
Without whō no kyngdome may raine,
Woyde of muche inconuenience:
Where constance hath the p̄minence,
The countrey is in muche solace,
Through it they haue alwaye defence,
And comfort in eche heauye case.

What nede I tarry longer space,
In this contextinge mine entent,
You know from Rome vnto this place
I was by my deare parantes sent.
And streight to Chymes house I went,
Where that I founde by aduenture,
Cisippus prope and prudent.
Of mine owne age this is most sure.

We were so lyke of moode demure,
That none of his frendes neither mine,
(It was so harde and so obscure,)
Coult say to vs (loe) this is thine,

B.iii.

But

But as we shew'd by sum sline,
Dure personages to declare:
What mutuall loue eight yeares or nine,
Hath bene betwene vs euery where:

Ye your owne selves the witnes are,
Which haue beheld and sene vs both,
This to affirme right well I dare,
Yet certainly I would be loth,
To speake such thinges should make you.
But so, my part by your licence, (wroth,
I will declare the verie troth,
Desiring you of pacience.

When that (by diuine prouidence)
My father dyed who left to me,
Possessions such, that in expence,
Few with me mought compared be,
Being eke of so high degre:
Also I being called home, (vs
By my frendes whom (right wel knowe
Are of the noblest men in Rome.

And men also of ripe wisdomee
Offering me the highest dignitie:
But when they saw I would not come,
At their requestes they maruayled why.
And wold my mother instantlie,
(To whose beck nature hath me bent)
In her letters to certisye,

Me, that therbye I mought relent.

Whose blotted billes with teares be spēt,
Accusing me of unkindenes,
For my beinge so longe absent,
From her, sith she is comfortles,
I say (in few wordes to expresse)
Could not withhold or pull me back,
From Cissippus, although riches,
I was behest neuer to lack.

But liesier to be clothed with sack
I had, then parte from such a frende,
For wordely welth oft winde to wrack,
But faithfull friendship bath none ende,
I can not from his presence wende,
Except he thereto will agre:
As long as I haue breath to spende,
His seruauent gladiye will I be:

Ye moze gladly I promise ye,
Then of Rome to be the consul,
My loue requited well hath he,
In sauinge me from death so dull,
And of all other most painefull,
No death that may be so cruell,
Though one were tozne wth beare or bull,
No paygnes moze dreadfull are in hell.

You meruaile I perceyue right well,

B. liii.

What

What personne oftoth me such malice,
O who dare be so ferse and fell,
To attempt such an enterprize;
 (Reiectinge natures pzeindice)
Against me being a Romaine,
And of the noblest blod certice,
Who thinke ye the would me haue slaine?

I perceauie ye would know full saine,
Who wrought me such cruell dispite,
It was loue, yea, **I** tel you plaine,
Which (as your Poetes do resite)
Did wound your gods with loues delite,
Made **J**upiter chaunce his figure,
Like a bull or swan full white,
O to sum other thinges obscure.

The dis-
 cription
 of the
 mightye
 poure of
 loue.

The same loue which (**I** am full sure)
Made **H**ercules spin on a rock,
Sittinge among maidens demure,
Wearing next to his skin a smok,
And vpon that a womans frock,
Yea though he were so puissaunt,
That througb his strength & sturdy frok,
He could slay **M**onstre and **G**iaunt.

The same loue which made assemblaunt,
The **G**recien lordes in fieldes of **T**roy,
With **C**eldinges gay, & **G**laues gallaunt
Which did the **T**roianes soze anoy

In ten yeres Grekes did them destroy,
And beate their citey downe to grounde,
Perpetuallie ended their ioy,
Their honour neuer shall resounde.

The same loue I say did me wounde,
Hodaynlye with such vehemence,
(Against whose assaults may be founde,
No helpe (no comforte nor defence)
That in horte space with violence
Of feruent tourmentes I had died,
Had not Gylippus resistance,
The bande of my sorow vntied.

I se you would faine haue discried,
Who I so loued: without delaye,
With truth you shalbe certyfyed,
It is (I wyll it not deny)
Sophronia the lady gay,
Whom Gylippus had chose to wife,
And whom he loued I dare say,
As much as he dyd his owne lyfe.

But when he sawe that Cupides knife,
Had hurt me with a healthles bloe,
Most frendly then, to end my strife,
Perceauynge (as I trust you doe.)
That gods prouision wrought it soe,
Through his deuine almightie grace,
That she shoulde be my wyfe, wheretoe

He

He gladly geuinge roome and place.

True frendshipp he dyd moze embrace,
Then womans loue thereto forced,
And not constrained by Cupides mace,
(From whom no way is to be fled)
As I was, wherefoze he graunted
To me, his right in the damosell,
And euen I Titus dyd her wed,
Her shamesfastnes I dyd expell.

I laye with her, this marke ye wel,
Confirminge the matrimonie.
At those wordes they began to swell,
And looked most disoaynesfullye,
Upon Sisippus be and bye.
Then Titus spake to them sayinge,
Leaue of your frettinge and surge,
Leaue youre spitesfull menasinge.

Leaue (I say) your murmuringe,
Leaue of youre greuous countenaunce,
For Sisippus hath done nothinge,
That shalbe to your hinderaunce.
But your honour he doth aduaunce.
For well he knew, that he mought finde,
Another mayden that (perchaunce)
Mought be moze better to his minde.

But such a frend to him enclind,
(Haunge respect to myne estate,

So lyke to him in every kynde)
As I was, was not ventilate.
Also the mayde doth not abate,
Do take dispergement in her blood,
For (no dyspaise to my deare mate)
Her mariage now is even as good.

And better if ye vnderstoode,
All that doth to me appertayne,
For I erreade her in liuelood,
And passe her in possessions playne.
The noblest men that doth remaine,
In Rome and in all Italye,
Did wyl myne alpaunce berre bayne,
Wherefore ye ought to magnifie.

Cissippus, and be not auctrie
With him, but to exto (I saye)
his kindnes towarde me, whereby
you, and your citie safelye maye
Be descended, and kept awayne:
I saye he hath well deserued,
A monument of golde so gaye,
To be set vp and honoured.

His loue ought to be remembred,
For good that it may to you bringe
But yf you be not perswaded,
Deuising any euill thinge,
To hlyk after my departinge,

I make

I make answere to the creature,
And maker of ech thing liuinge,
That with the inuincible poure.

Of Romaines, to your dishonour,
Perpetuall reproch and blame,
I wil resort for his socoure,
In such wyse that your fatall fame,
Shall sounde in all grece to your shame,
Wherwith all them that were present,
Dessembled their malice with gaime,
As though they had bene well content.

Sone after by the appointement,
Of all the Senatours of Rome,
Titus was sente for to frequent,
An office fit for such a grome.
Then he prepared to go home,
But to depart it did him greue,
From Cissippus, also to whom,
He graunted gladly for to geue,

Halfe of his substaunce to atcheue,
Only to haue his companie.
But Cissippus did wel perceue,
How nedefull and necessarie,
His counsell was to that cite,
Wherfoze he would not therhens wend,
Although aboue all thinges earthlye,
He loyed in Titus his frend.

When

When Titus with his ladye bend,
Where gone to Rome for their repast,
Cysippus loyes were at an end,
His frendes and felowship did wast.
His kinsmen spared not in hast,
To exlude him from their counsell,
And did prohibite at the last,
That he should not in Athens dwell.

And yet with this they were not well,
But (comptinge his loue vaine friendship)
From all his landes they did him expell,
Out of his robes they did him whipp,
And out of Athenes did him whippe,
Full poozely went Cysippus tho,
Hauing nought but a staffe and skrippe,
And nedes a begginge must he go.

Cysippus wandringe to and fro,
Could since no man him to sustaine,
This was his chaunce, alas for who
Necessitie did him constrainne.
Thus late welthye he did remaine,
And now banished his owne contray,
Neuer must he come there againe,
His kind heart brought him to that bay.

He wandzed he wist not which way,
Lamentably still did he mone,
He knewe no place where he might stay,
For hope of helpe he hears of none.

At last his pleasures past and gone,
To his greate greife, he remembred,
With Titus, for whome he alone,
Had all those damages suffered.

To goe to Roome he concluded,
His euill fortune to declare
To Titus, whom he supposed
Would for him sum redres prepare
So then with hunger cold and care.
To Roome he ran, through mud & mire,
When he came thither poze and bare,
For Titus house he did enquire.

When he sawe it, he did retire,
Because it seemed so princely,
He was ashamed to aspire,
Or in such rayment approach use,
But stood that if Titus came by,
Himself he mought to him present,
Thus thinking, he and his ladye
Came walking forth incontinent.

Cisippus was so ragd and rent,
That when Titus did him behold,
He knew him not, but forth he went,
Not regarding his garmentes old.
Cisippus hart was then full cold.
Thinking that Titus did him hate,
Because no comfort shew he would,

To him which stood so at his gate.

Then in a soyle simple state,
Cisippus thence away did trudge.
Cursinge his chaunce infortunate.
Oh lord thought he, what mā wold iudge
It was to haue bene suche a snudge,
For whome I suffre all this smart.
Cisippus thus at him did grudge,
Thinking soeuer to depart.

From Roome, and wander the desert
As a beast with madnes possesst.
But yet he was well saine to start
(Being with twerines opprest)
Into an old barne to take rest:
Where he fallinge flat on the ground,
Drewe out his knife and thought it best,
To geue himself a deadly wounde.

But wisdome did his will so brounde,
That from that act it did him kepe.
Until he fell into a sounde,
Or (as god would, as he did slepe)
Into a sad and slumbyng slepe,
His knife wherwith he would haue slain
himself, downe by his side did slepe.
In the meane time a these certaine.

Which was a comen Russian playne:
AND

And had both robbed and slaine a man,
Thought in that barne for to remaine,
To hide him selfe that night. But whan
He sawe a wretch bewept and wan.
On slep and a knife by his side,
He toke the knife, and quicklpe than,
Towardes the dead man, he did glide.

Into his wound, both depe and wide,
(Which at that time did freshlpe blede)
He put the knife thinkinge to hide,
His owne vile acte, and mischeuous dede,
And brought it all blodpe with speede,
To poore Cysippus where he laye,
A slepe, and put it (without dede)
Into his hand and went his way.

Sone after whan that it was daye,
The dead man being founde: anon
The officers all in araye,
Made earnest search for the felon,
And finding in the barne upon,
The grounde, a man on slepe which had
A bloody knife: suspicion
They had, thinking him to be mad.

And waked him of his slepe so bad;
Saying arise thou murderarre,
With that Cysippus was right glad,
Thinking his death not to be farre.

Before

Before thy Senate to the barre,
They brought him to haue his iudgemēt
With billes and battes like men of war,
Yet he (poore soule) was innocent.

Titus at that time was present
Who beholding Cissippus well,
Lept from the bench incontinent.
And downe vpon his knees he fell
Sayinge geue care what I shall tell
Ye nobles all, and then discus,
This haynous murther so cruell
Committed was, by me Titus.

For old malice (the truth is thus)
Which I a longe time did him owe,
For thinges that haue bene betwene vs,
This straunger (as ye may well knowe,
Is desperate (god knoweth howe)
And doth this ad gladly expresse
His care with deth to ouerthrowe,
Yet certainlpe he is guiltlesse:

Reward me for my wickednes,
For I it is that ought to dye.
Cissippus did again protest,
(Seeing Titus was contrary
To his aspect) and still did crye.
To the Senatours to proceade,

In iudgement on him ble and by,
For I said he haue done the dede.

Titus denied it in that stede:
Thus they a long time did contend
Each of them for the others mede:
Who for thoffence should his life ende,
Abundantly teares they did spend,
The Senators abashed were,
None wist whercof it did depende,
That those two such friendship did beare.

The very these, vichauce was there,
Amid the ptease that time standinge,
Who when he heard with snob and teare
Those two personnes thus disputinge.
Which both were guiltles of the thinge:
His heart could not make his tong slake,
To kepe truth from discoveringe,
Wherefore quite through þe ptease he brak.

The con-
fession of
the thefe.

Before the Senate thus he spake,
Most noble fathers euey one,
I am appoched peace to make:
I am knownen to be a persone,
Whiche haue manye ble theft vndone,
Titus you knowe assuredlye,
Pleasure in mallice he hath none,
But is of much simplisitie:

This

This straunger eke which standeth by,
Semeth to be with care compact,
And desperate god knoweth why,
His wittes from him being subtract:
They both are giltyes of this acte,
The truth plainly I will disclose,
I did that most vngacious fact,
The man from his life to depose.

I smot him that he never rose,
Then to the barne I ran full right,
Thinking to hide me from my foes:
But when I sawe this wofull wight,
A slepe, thinking my selfe to quight
A policy I thought full good
I tooke his knife, and did it dight,
Both haste & blade, in the mannes blood.

When I had done, in that mad woode,
I brought his blodre knife agayne,
This feate my reason vnderstode
Was best your iudgement to refrayne.
But conscience now, both me constrainne,
To put the giltyesse out of dout,
At your iudgement, will I remaine
Abiding death, though it be stout.

The Senate then and all the rout,
Reioyced and toke good comfort,

In all the court, there was a shout,
Ther neuer was a gladder sort,
To make the tale, moze bzeft and thozte,
Cysippus was, discovered,
Titus did their frendshippe report,
The felon, he was pardoned.

Titus beinge aduertised
Of his most deare frendes banishment,
He vowed to be auenged,
On Athenes yer long time were spent,
So then he tooke incontinent,
His frend Cysippus with him home,
Where that the lady excellent,
Most louingly, had him welcome.

His fame was spzed thzoughout al Rome
With reuerence, and with honoure,
For his frendship, and his wisdoome,
And for his louely behauioure:
Titus beinge a Senatoure,
With assistance, he did prepare,
A mightye armie to sucoure
His frend and to aduenge his care.

To Athenes ferslye he did fare,
With all his souldiours on a thzonge,
On his frendes foes he did not spare,
But with a courage stoute and stronge,
Required

Requited al Cissippus wzonge,
Restozinge him his goodes certayne
Stablshinge him, his frendes amonge
And so returned to Roome agayne.

FINIS.

QVOD EDWARDE
LEWICK.

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